

HISTORICAL PAGEANTS

Thursday's Parade Will Be Copy of Great Triumphal Processions of the Ancients.

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From the Bohemian.
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Old Salt (reminiscently)—Not that I know of, ma'am! You see, I had been used to facing the jaws in life. I'm a married man.

Matter of Learning.
From the Chicago News.
"It is never too late to learn," quoted the moralizer.
"True," rejoined the demoralizer, "but we usually learn that it's too late."

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national celebrity, and a commercial center which is the pride of the Old North State. "The Land of the Sky," they call it, for, far up above the malaria, where the air and water and sunshine are, purest and finest, where clouds and mountain peaks embrace, and one may revel in scenic loveliness and never exhaust the picturesque and ever-varying beauty of ridges and peaks, of valleys and streams of fountains and blossoms, of sunrises and sunsets.

Here we are on a broader, platform 2,500 feet above the sea, surrounded by hills of idyllic grace covered with a luxuriant growth of primeval forest—oak, pine, balsam, and other evergreens, which

Profitable Business.
The first tearoom in Los Angeles was opened some time less than a year ago by two young college women, Miss Mildred Morris, of Columbia, and Miss Harriet Morris, of Smith. In the past six months they had more than 15,000 paying customers. They have had to enlarge their quarters and have added to their business in several ways.

ready tilted him the mossy purple prince in the royal court, while King Alphonso makes him his inseparable companion.

A Conscientious Woman.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Yes," the little woman with the drum major fur hat remarked to her friend on the car, "I stopped wearing my big wide hat—it's a perfectly beauty, too. I don't wear it because I thought as long as the car service is bad and people are crowded and jammed in the aisles of the cars, it wasn't right for me to take up so much room with my hat. Besides I like this hat better, if any thing."

With a train of captive princeps as the symbols of his victories, and wagons loaded with treasure as an offering to his country. He was received as he advanced with the shout of applauding multitudes. He entered Rome in a galaxy of glory. A splendid column commemorated the cities which he had taken, the 12,000,000 human beings whom he had slain or subjected. His triumph was the most magnificent which the Roman citizens had ever witnessed, and by special vote he was permitted to wear his triumphal robe in the senate as often and as long as might please him. The *trionfatori* over, and with the aureole of glory.

time the most valuable handkerchief in the world is said to belong to the Queen of Italy.

Her majesty as a young girl had been famous for collecting lace, and she still follows her hobby. The handkerchief in question is an example of the earliest Venetian point lace, dating toward the end of the fifteenth century, about the time the art was introduced into the city of the Doges. The piece, in spite of its great age, is in perfect preservation and it is valued at \$2,000, although it is stated that two American millionaires have offered three times that sum for it but in vain.

STUDIES OF DISCONTENTMENT

"I would preface my lament by remarking that I am considered by the world at large as a very fortunate young woman. I am nearly thirty years of age; I am well born, well bred, well educated, rather clever, not bad looking; I possess sufficient income to keep the wolf at a safe distance from the threshold. In addition to that, I hold a position in the business world which brings me in a salary on which many a man supports a wife

and family most uncomfortably. I have a host of attractive friends; there are a dozen homes in which I may find myself a welcome guest any night. I live well in a suite furnished with my own books, treasures, and pictures. What do I have to complain of? Because I want to get married. I've a woman writer in the *New York Herald*.

"As a matter of fact, I have had more attention from men than most of the women I know. For one thing, my work has constantly thrown me in contact with men, unlike the work of a teacher, who of necessity spends her time in a continually feminized atmosphere. I have had seven offers of marriage, most of

which were too ridiculous to be entertained seriously. Some of the offers were from boys, others from old men, the rest were a job lot of worthless incompetents who, I had reason to think, regarded my paltry income as no deterrent to the choice of a wife.

Where are all the desirable men of fiction? I do not mean great catches; I mean what might be considered ordinarily well educated men, established in business or a profession, and able and willing to support the wife of their choice in the style to which their own sisters have been accustomed. The species seems to be becoming as extinct as the dodo.

When a man arrives at the successful stage in his career which would warrant his making a girl, like myself, for instance, to marry him, he finds that his own comforts and pleasures pretty well use up his income. To marry, therefore, would entail sacrifice, and to welcome sacrifice one must be under the spell of romance. But romance is such a silly thing that the average, cool-headed, successful business man or professional man scoffs at it.

On every side I see refined, lovely women of my acquaintance settling down

their lives dependently of the male sex. They have their clubs, their tests and amusements, and have a pretty good time; but I know, as they do in their own minds, that they are not the authors of their dreams, for it is not met for woman to live alone.

Yet the papers do chronicle notions of this kind. Yes, of course. Our civilization is rapidly coming to the same state of affairs as exists in Europe, where the girl who expects to marry must provide the home, the furniture, the food, the clothing, and everything but the man who graciously—so far—provides himself in exchange for all the rest. On every hand one sees the girl who has sacrificed and sacrificed themselves to suitors who are obviously untrustworthy, in order that they may satisfy their natural instincts for home, children, and a husband—because, after all, the girl who possesses an iota of attraction he goes to the girl who has more to offer. In these days it is a case of Queen Cleopatra.

MANY YOUNG WOMEN HAVE GIVEN UP

entertaining entirely, except for the married set, because they can find no men to grace their dinners and dances. Their husbands seem to have severed all association with their own sex on their wedding day. The debutantes tell me that the functions given for them are enlivened only by the presence of rapid youths who take themselves so seriously that they are ridiculous, and antediluvians, who were paying the same compliments when the preceding generation was young.

I should like to meet a man or so whom a reasonable young woman

might intelligently learn to love, honor, and obey—should he give her the chance—without sacrificing every ideal of her girlhood. Am I unreasonable in this? I wish some one would tell me quite impersonally, for it isn't the sort of thing I can ask my friends.* With many of them the question comes too close to home.

Infanta Eulalia's Son.
Prince Luis D'Orleans de Bourbon, Infante of Spain, the youngest son of the Infanta Eulalia, is becoming immensely popular in the Spanish royal court, also

with the King; while all the Spanish people are enthusiastic over the charming and attractive manner of the young prince. His royal highness accompanies the King of Spain everywhere. He is at present on the King's yacht. Where the prince is a great favorite, as he is full of fun all the time. King Alfonso has just arranged for Prince Luis to enter the army. This was considered somewhat difficult at first, as the young prince is not very tall. His royal highness resembles his mother, the Infanta Kaulaia, in his exceptional intelligence and a very witty brightness, together with that simplicity and delightful modestness and

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THE FUTURE OF AMERICA.

As G. K. Chesterton, English Wit and Philosopher, Sees It.

When an Englishman of brains looks upon another country it is almost a fore-certainly that he is going to see things.

In an interesting essay in *Hampton's Magazine*, Gilbert K. Chesterton, the London essayist, thus predicts the future of America:

The first of two solid and shocking calamities which may occur to America is the rise of a real aristocracy. England is aristocratic, comparatively speaking, in so far as one Christian nation can be more aristocratic than another. England is the most aristocratic country in Europe. But there have been no real aristocracies in Europe for nearly 2,000 years.

when it made every man important enough to be damned. But American civilization happens to have chiefly collected and increased itself during one of those epochs in which Christianity is regularly eclipsed, just as the moon is regularly eclipsed. A society started in this eclipse may easily become really heathen, and therefore really aristocratic. I have noticed in some strong American novels, notably in "Patience, Sparhawk," a note of harshness and inhuman liberty in the rich, an awful note that has not been heard since paxan times.

If aristocracy arises in America, as it very possibly may, it will not be harsh

ered by the and the clumsy obligations of humanity and the Christian religion, which would have iron shackles on the old American people. Aristocracy in America may find itself free to rise to the most hideous heights to which tyranny has ever risen in the forgotten empires of Asia; it may burn the cities of the East, it may burn and burned out bells of the East. There is no limit to what men can do when once they really despise men. Mr. H. G. Wells, in his recent book, "First and Last Things," says one thing which would alone give the aristocracy a bad and growing reputation. He expresses the real value of democracy by simply saying "it abolishes contempt." It may seem queer to say that the very democracy of the world is to abolish aristocracy; but this is true. You have to understand the abolished contempt that when your aristocracy comes you will realize how contemptible it is. The elemental force which undoubtedly threatens your democracy like a thunderbolt, is the thing called super-naturalism. I need hardly say that, like

Share all national and thinking modern men, believe in the supernatural. But in my cloudy and cozy England I know that there never will be such waves of lucid fanaticism as have sometimes swept across Asia. But such waves of lucid fanaticism may possibly sweep across America.

Not to Disappoint Him.

A New England lawyer tells of a judge in a criminal court down East as well known in the vicinity for his good heart as for his legal attainments, says the Philadelphia Ledger. His honor's softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge.

On one occasion a man who had been convicted of stealing a quantity of wearing apparel was brought into court for trial. He was very nervous and hopeless, and it was observed that the court was not entirely unsympathetic.

"Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" asked the judge.

"Never," exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, my man," said his honor.

Queen Helena's Laee Handkerchief, From Le Figaro.

The most beautiful and at the same time the most valuable handkerchief in the world is said to belong to the Queen of Italy.

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